2. *Qu.* Honoured *Hypolita*
Moſt dreaded *Amazonian*, that ha'ſt ſlaine
The Sith-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as ſtrong
As it is white, waſt neere to make the male
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord
Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour
Firſt nature ſtilde it in, ſhrunke thee into
The bownd thou waſt ore-flowing; at once ſubduing
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireſſe
That equally canſt poize ſternenes with pitty,
Whom now I know haſt much more power on him
Then ever he had on thee, who ow'ſt his ſtrength,
And his, Love too: who is a Servant for
The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glaſſe of Ladies
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth ſcortch,
Vnder the ſhaddow of his Sword, may coole us:
Require him he advance it ore our heades;
Speak't in a womans key: like ſuch a woman
As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Then a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:
Tell him if he i'th blood cizd field, lay ſwolne
Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone
What you would doe.

*Hip.* Poore Lady, ſay no more:
I had as leife trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I ſo willing, way. My Lord is taken
Hart deepe with your diſtreſſe: Let him conſider:
Ile ſpeake anon.

3. *Qu.* O my petition was *kneele to Emilia.*
Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe uncandied
Melts into drops, ſo ſorrow wanting forme
Is preſt with deeper matter.

*Emilia.* Pray ſtand up,
Your greefe is written in your cheeke.

3. *Qu.* O woe,
You cannot reade it there; there through my teares,
Like



Like wrinckled peobles in a glaſſe ſtreame
You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alacke)
He that will all the Treaſure know o'th earth
Muſt know the Center too; he that will fiſh
For my leaſt minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. O pardon me;
Extremity that ſharpens ſundry wits
Makes me a Foole.

*Emili.* Pray you ſay nothing, pray you,
Who cannot feele, nor ſee the raine being in't,
Knowes neither wet, nor dry, if that you were
The ground-peece of ſome Painter, I would buy you
T'inſtruct me gainſt a Capitall greeſe indeed
Such heart-peirc'd demonſtration; but alas
Being a naturall Sifter of our Sex
Your ſorrow beates ſo ardently upon me,
That it ſhall make a counter reflect gainſt
My Brothers heart, and warme it to ſome pitty
Though it were made of ſtone: pray have good comf

*Theſ.* Forward to'th Temple, leave not out a Iot
O'th ſacred Ceremony.

1. *Qu.* O This Celebration
Will long laſt, and be more coſtly then,
Your Suppliants war: Remember that your Fame
Knowles in the eare, o'th world: what you doe quick
Is not done raſhly; your firſt thought is more.
Then others laboured meditance: your premeditating
More then their actions: But oh Iove, your actions
Soone as they mooves as Aſprayes doe the fiſh,
Subdue before they touch, thinke, deere *Duke* thinke
What beds our ſlaine Kings have.

2. *Qu.* What greifes our beds
That our deere Lords have none.

3. *Qu.* None fit for'th dead:
Thoſe that with Cordes, Knives, drams precipitance,
Weary of this worlds light, have to themſelves
Beene deathes moſt horrid Agents, humaine grace
Affords them duſt and ſhaddow.

1. *Qu.* But our Lords